

These Streets

[Tanya Stephens](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You know
I can still remember when it was just me and you
suddenly it turn you and your crew
forget everything bout your boo I wish you woulda treat me like ya glock
I woulda love it if you keep me pon cock I wish you woulda treat me like ya yacht
keep me wet while the waves them a rock Why can't you stay pon me like the corner
and keep your lips pon me like your marijuana I woulda love it if you treat me like a club
stay up inna me whole night just a bump'n grind'n rub
Bridge: You don't understand what your woman needs
from her man
While you deh pon di streets all the time
just bear this in mind
whoa-oa
Chorus: These streets don't love you like I do
you need fi know that
you wanna keep your woman loving you
and you need fi show that
the love we have it take so much effort fi build
you about fi blow that
but just like a played out jersey
you about fi get throw back! I wish you woulda treat me like a ounce
me know ya nah leggo that when yuh bounce You shoulda deh home knock boots like ya timbs
need fi act older than the size of ya rims I wish you woulda stay pon me like ya phone man
and never leave the house wit out me like ya crome man Boy I wish you woulda treat me like ya whips
your girl's a perfect ten but your benz them only a 5 and a 6
Bridge: You don't understand what your woman
needs from her man
While you deh pon di streets all the time
just bear this in mind
Chorus: These streets don't love you like I do
you need fi know that
you wanna keep your woman loving you
and you need fi show that
the love we have well it take so much effort fi build
you about fi blow that
but just like a played out jersey

you about fi get throw back!Now the Feds have them case
and they gavel up pound
me a look fi a familiar face, me nah see none aroundWhen ya call me collect and give me errands fi do
mi nah see nah hot gal, me nah see none of your crewGovernment sieze everything, the Gs everythingand
another baller dun take over di spot
a run, trees everything the keys everything
and 10 calls a month is all you gotSayin, now you understand
what I was tryin to say to my man
why you dey an dere pon the grind, you shoulda bear this in mindSay di streets dem nah give a damn,
bundiddlydung
a just a place where ya peddle pon (need fi know that)You fall in love with the corner, you can't say me never
warn ya (and ya need fi show that)These streets don't love you like I doYuh know these streets don't love you,
and oh these streets can't hug youThese streets don't love you like I do...

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